



Unwritten



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Chapter 1 by Michelle

Jade led a lonely life. Ever since she was marked with the vampire's kiss she cursed her time alive apart from family and friends.

Fear had kept her from dying back then and the same fear is what keeps her going now.

By declining the vampire as her mentor she became outlawed, free to be killed by anyone.

On the run with only a few belongings she roamed the borders between vampire and werewolf territory. Living on the luck of bypassers.

Michelle is the daughter of a famous ex-writer and a book fanatic at heart. But will she cope when her world is suddenly turned up side down? Will she be able to make a story of her own? Or will her cynical look on things, comparing every story she knows, be her downfall?

I ran. I ran as fast as my feet could carry me, knowing they could catch up any second. I knew I was in trouble and for the first time in a long time I felt fear creep upon me. I could almost feel its claws dig into my skin. But a loud howl drew out behind me, telling me they were still far away.

I went too far. way too far from the borders, deep into the maanlicht pack's territory. I evaded the trees as I went, taking the shortest route possible. But I had to hurry. The wolves would be faster.

And they weren't even my biggest problem.

The sky was turning brighter. And I knew I was in trouble when the sun would rise and burn me to a crisp if I wouldn't get back in time. Watching out for slippery moss and protecting my face against low branches I cor

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After I eventually crossed a small creek I fell to my knees, gasping for air. I had to go on. My mind was screaming that I had to go on! My ears were buzzing. I couldn't move.

But once I steadied my breathing I pushed myself off from the soggy ground at the edge of the water, and rose to my feet again.

Just to be smashed down as something heavy hit me.

My head hit the ground hard and I groaned in pain. My vision went black for a second. The heavy weight had fell on top of me and was moving, keeping me down. I regained my vision and met two golden eyes. Eyes of a wolf.

-And then she'd die.

I sighed at the page in front of me and dropped my pen.

-What reason would he have to keep her alive?

I crumbled up the page in frustration and threw it in the corner.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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